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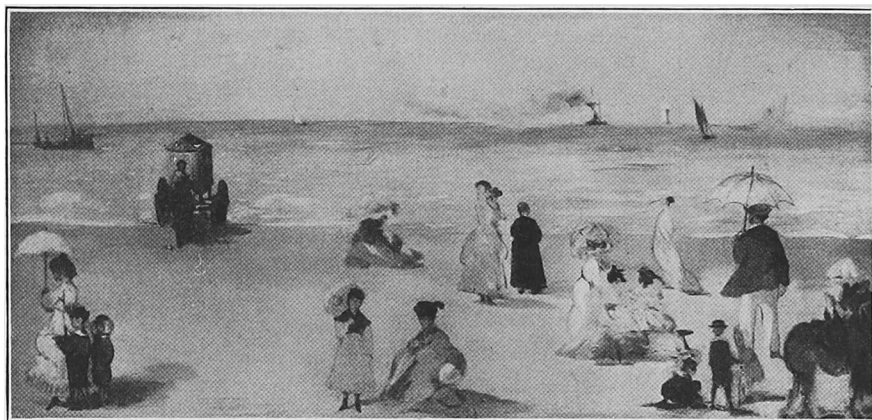
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LA PLAGE DE BOULOGNE  
By Edouard Manet

## TWO APPRECIATIONS OF MANET.

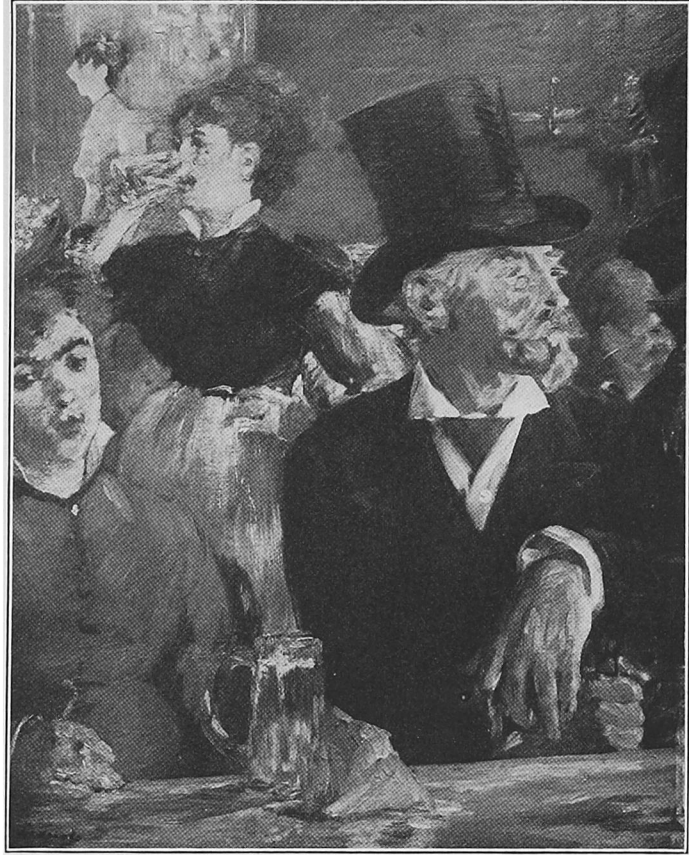
Manet fought throughout all his life—few artists' lives have been nobler. His has been an example of untiring energy; he employed it as much in working as in making a stand against prejudices. Rejected, accepted, rejected again, he delivered with enormous courage and faith his attack upon a jury which represented routine. As he fought in front of his easel, he still fought before the public, without ever relaxing, without changing, alone, apart even from those whom he loved, who had been shaped by his example.

This great painter, one of those who did most honor to the French soul, had the genius to create by himself an impressionism of his own, which will always remain his own, after having given evidence of gifts of the first order in the tradition handed down by the masters of the real and the good. He cannot be confused either with Monet or with Pissarro and Renoir. His comprehension of light is a special one; his technique is not in accordance with the system of color spots; it observes the theory of complimentary colors and of the division of tones without departing from a grand style, from a classic stateliness, from a superb sureness.

Manet has not been the inventor of impressionism, which co-existed with his work since 1865, but he has rendered it immense services, by taking upon himself all the outbursts of anger addressed to the innovators, by making a breach in public opinion through which his friends have passed in behind him. Probably without him all of these artists would have remained unknown, or at least without influence, because they were all bold characters in art, but timid or disdainful in life.

Degas, Monet and Renoir were fine natures with a horror of polemics, who wished to hold aloof from the salons, and were resigned from the outset to be misunderstood. They were, so to say, electrified by the magnificent example of Manet's fighting spirit, and Manet was generous

enough to take upon himself the reproaches leveled not only against his work but against theirs. His twenty years' open war, sustained with an abnegation worthy of all esteem, must be considered as one of the most significant phenomena of the history of the artists of all ages.

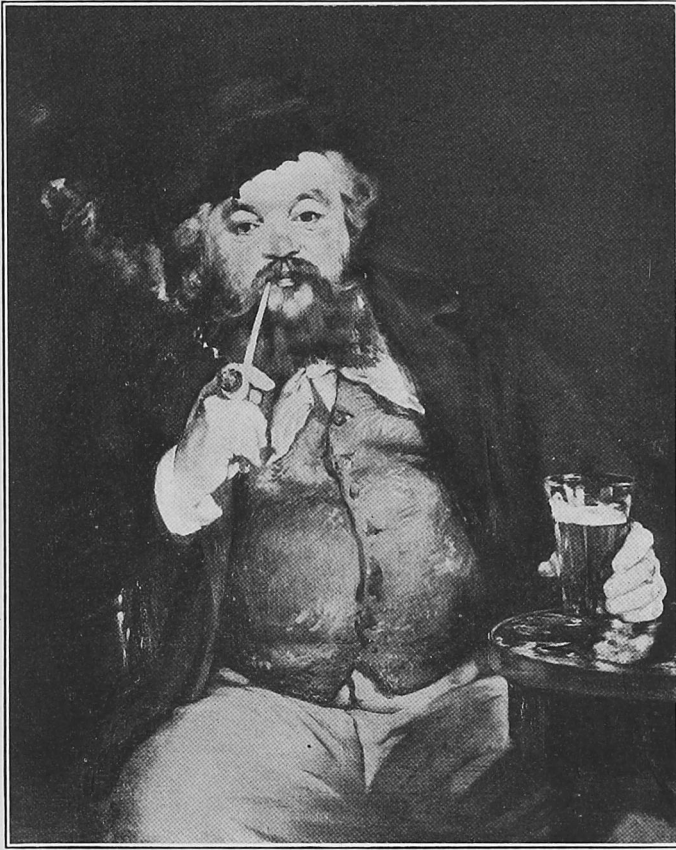


AU CAFE CONCERT  
By Edouard Manet

This work of Manet, so much discussed, and produced under such tormenting conditions, owes its importance beyond all to its power and frankness. Ten years of developing his first manner, tragically limited by the war of 1870; thirteen years of developing his second evolution, parallel with the efforts of the impressionists. The period from 1860 to 1870 is logically connected with Hals and Goya; from 1870 to 1883 the artist's modernity is complicated by the study of light. His personality appears there even more original, but one may well give the palm to those works of Manet which are painted in his classic and low toned manner.

Manet had all the pictorial gifts which make the glory of the masters

—full, true, broad composition; coloring of irresistible power, blacks and grays which cannot be found elsewhere since Velasquez and Goya; and a profound knowledge of values. He has tried his hand at everything—portraits, landscapes, seascapes, scenes of modern life, still life,

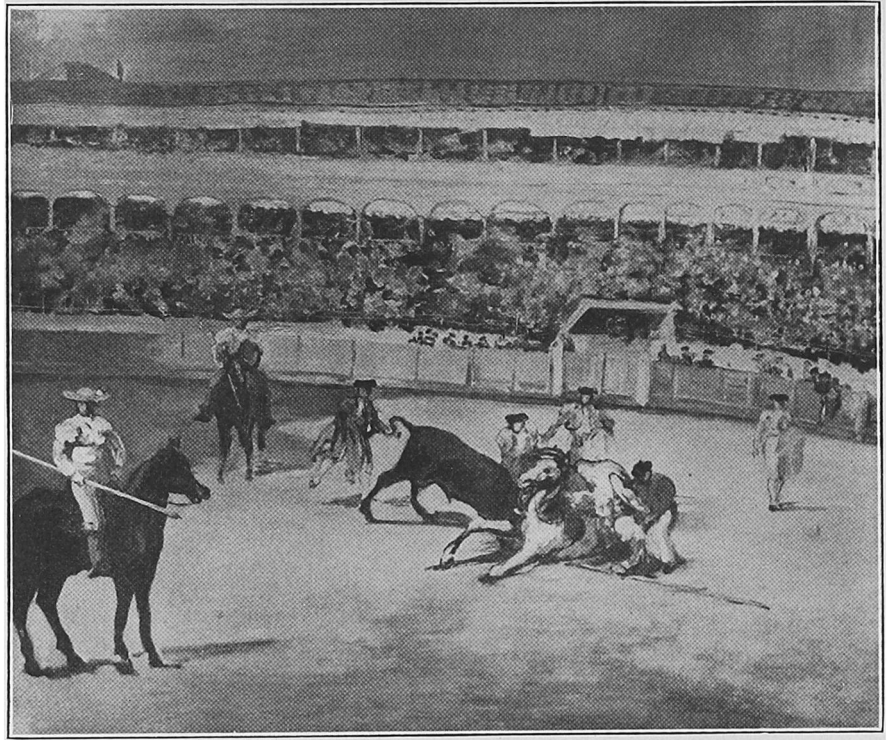


LE BON BOCK  
By Edouard Manet

and nudes have each in their turn served his ardent desire of creation. His was a much finer comprehension of contemporary life than seems to be admitted by realism; one has only to compare him with Courbet to see how far more nervous and intelligent he was without loss to the qualities of truth and robustness. His pictures will always remain documents of the greatest importance of the society, the manners and customs of the Second Empire. He did not possess the gift of psychology. His "Christ Aux Anges" and "Jesus Insulte" are obviously only pieces of painting without idealism. He was, like the great Dutch virtuosos, and like certain Italians, more eye than soul. Yet his "Maximilian," the drawings for Poe's "Raven" and certain sketches show that he

might have realized some curious psychological works had he not been so completely absorbed by the immediate reality and by the desire for beautiful paint.

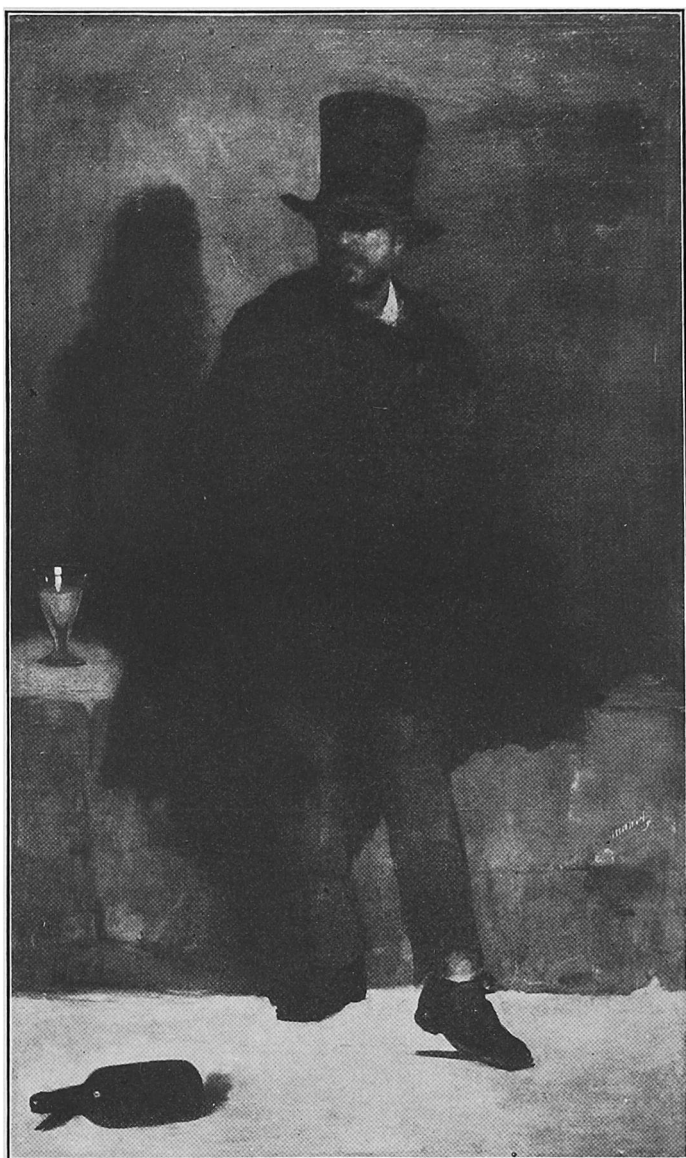
A beautiful painter—this is what he was before everything else, this is his fairest fame, and it is almost inconceivable that the juries of the Salons failed to understand him. They waxed indignant over his sub-



COMBAT DE TAUREAUX  
By Edouard Manet

jects, which offer only a restricted interest, and they did not see the altogether classic quality of his technique, without bitumen, without glazing, without tricks; of this vibrating color; of this rich paint; of this passionate design so suitable for expressing movement and gestures true to life; of this simple composition, where the whole picture is based on two or three values with the straightforwardness one admires in Rubens, Jordaens, and Hals.

Manet will occupy an important position in the French school. He is the most original painter in the second half of the nineteenth century, the one who has really created a great movement. His work, the fecundity of which is astonishing, is unequal. One has to remember that besides the incessant strife which he kept up—a strife which would have killed many artists—he had to find strength for two grave crises in himself.



LE CUVEUR D'ABSINTHE  
By Edouard Manet

He joined one movement, then freed himself from it, then invented another, and re-commenced to learn painting at a point where anyone else would have continued in his previous manner. "Each time I paint," he said to Mallarme, "I throw myself into the water to learn swimming."

It is not surprising that such a man should have been unequal, and that one can distinguish in his work between experiments, exaggerations due to research, and efforts made to reject the prejudices of which we feel the weight no longer. But it would be unjust to say that Manet has only had the merit of opening up new roads—that has been said to belittle him, after it had first been said that these roads led into absurdity.

There remains then a great personality, who knew how to dominate the rather coarse conceptions of realism; who influenced by his modernity all contemporary illustration; who re-established a strong and sound condition in the face of the Academy; and who not only created a new transition, but marked his place on the new road which he had opened.

To him impressionism owes its existence; his tenacity enabled it to take root and to vanquish the opposition of the School; his work has enriched the world by some beautiful examples, which demonstrate the union of the two principles of realism of that technical impressionism which was to supply Monet, Renoir, Pissarro and Sisley with an object for their efforts.

For the sum total of all that is evoked by his name Edouard Manet certainly deserves the name of a man of genius—an incomplete genius, though, since the thought with him was not on a level with his technique, since he could not affect the emotions like a Leonardo or a Rembrandt, but genius all the same through the magnificent power of his gifts, the continuity of his style, and the importance of his part, which infused blood into a school dying of the enæmia of conventional art.

CAMILLE MAUCLAIR.

Translated from the French by P. G. Konody.

In the Metropolitan Museum, New York, there hangs a picture well worth a trip across the continent to see. It is Manet's "Boy with a Sword," a little urchin carrying a big sword in its scabbard—just a bit of painting, that is all; an absolutely arbitrary composition, without rhyme or reason, just to make a picture. The picture tells no story, explains nothing; there is nothing to explain; simply a little ragged street urchin carrying a sword as long as he is tall. The arrangement is plainly for the purpose of securing certain effects in color, and the picture is the finest Manet I have ever seen. If I owned all other Manets, I am by no means sure I would not exchange them for this one.

In the catalogue I find the following beneath Manet's name: "Born at Paris, 1833, died there April 30, 1883. Genre painter. Pupil of Couture, with whom he studied six years. An eccentric realist of disputed merit; founder of the school of 'Impressionistes.' His pictures were several times rejected at the Salon"; poor Manet—that ought to be some guaranty of quality in his work. The "Cyclopedia of Painting and Painters" is responsible for that summary of Manet's art. But is it not a pity the compiler of the Museum's catalogue could find nothing better to say of a man who painted one of the finest pictures the Museum

possesses? A picture so fine that Richard Muther, in his great "History of Modern Painting," says of it: "Manet has the rich artistic methods of Velasquez in a measure elsewhere only attained by Raeburn, and as the last of these studies, he has created in his 'Enfant à l'Epee' a work which, speaking without profanity, might have been signed by the great Spaniard himself"; and so, in all truth, it might, it is so wonderfully, so beautifully painted; that is all—just finely and magnificently painted. A small boy with a big sword, certain notes and tones of color so combined as to result in one beautiful harmony.

Those of you who think of Manet as rioting in colors should see this picture. As a bit of painting it can hang without suffering by the side of any picture in the world; the little urchin with his short stubby hair, his ragged coat and his beautiful blue stockings might be embarrassed by the side of the little infanta in the Louvre, but, barring the difference in their stations in life, on their technical side, they are two of a kind.

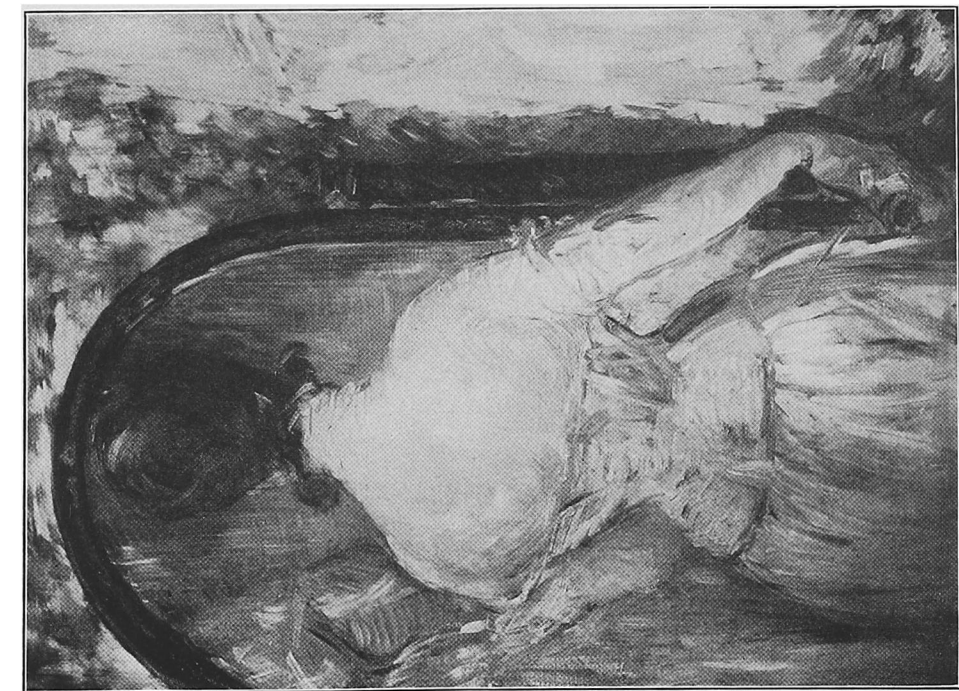
Two or three years ago there was an exhibition of Manets here at the Art Institute. They were huddled together in a small room, and scant attention paid them, whereas they should have been honored guests. Not that all Manets are good, far from it; but all are interesting, and there is not one but will repay study. Personally, I do not like "Olympia" in the Luxembourg; I positively dislike it, and yet the Luxembourg would be fortunate indeed were half its pictures so well worth your consideration. You might never learn to like it; I should hope you would not; neither would you ever ignore it.

George Moore says: "Never did this mysterious power which produces what artists know as 'quality' exist in any fingers to a greater degree than in those of Edouard Manet; never since the world began; not in Velasquez, not in Hals, not in Rubens, not in Titian. As an artist, Manet could not compare with the least among these illustrious painters; but as a manipulator of oil color, he never was and never will be excelled. Manet was born a painter as absolutely as any man that ever lived; so absolutely that a very high and lucid intelligence never for a moment came between him and the desire to put anything into his picture except good painting. I remember his saying to me, 'I also tried to write, but I did not succeed; I never could do anything but paint.'"

You may remember seeing here the portrait of Faure as Hamlet, and "Le Bon Bock," that portrait of Belot, the engraver, smoking his pipe and grasping a glass of beer with his left hand—both strong, vigorous canvases, each worthy a place in any museum, yet both lack the subtlety which characterizes the "Boy with a Sword"; neither is to be ranked in the same category; to either of these I much prefer "A Philosopher."

The enthusiasm which naturally follows the discovery of a painter must not get the better of us, and lead us to place Manet where he does not belong. Moore has said it—Manet was beyond question a great painter; his command over his medium was marvelous. His first thought concerned the manner of what he was doing; whenever he permitted himself to become absorbed in the matter of his work he fell from grace; witness "Olympia," "Nana," "A Bar at the Folies Bergeres," "The Picnic," and others. When Manet thought at all, he did not think at all well; but when he simply worked, he worked as few men could or can.



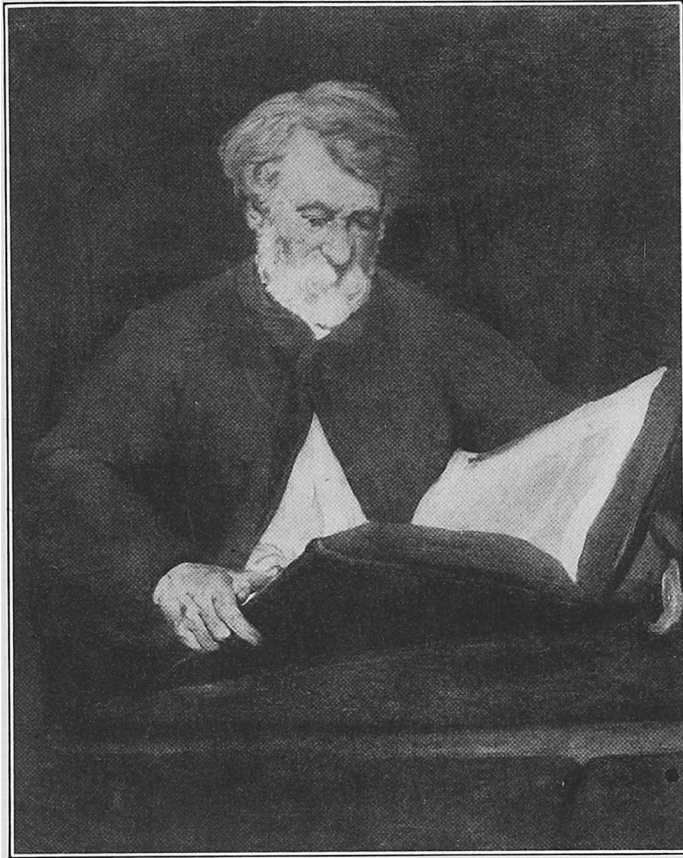


DEVANT LA PSYCHE  
By Edouard Manet



JEUNE FEMME A L'OMBRELLE  
By Edouard Manet

"Manet," says Muther, "had a passion for the world. He was a man with a slight and graceful figure, a beard of the color known as *blond cendre*, deep blue eyes filled with the fire of youth, a refined clever face, aristocratic hands, and a manner of great urbanity. With his wife,



LE LISEUR  
By Edouard Manet

the highly cultured daughter of a Dutch musician, he went into the best circles of Parisian society, and was popular everywhere for his trenchant judgment and his sparkling intellect. His conversation was vivid and sarcastic. He was famous for his wit *a la Gavarin*. He delighted in the delicate perfume of drawing-rooms, the shining candlelight at receptions; he worshipped modernity, and the piquant frou-frou of toilettes," tastes which are by no means consistent with the noblest and purest art.

Manet's art lacked dignity, it lacked nobility, it lacked purity, it lacked only too apparently exactly what his soul lacked; but it did not lack quality. He painted things as he saw and felt them, but he never saw and never felt the best side of things. For instance, the "Boy with

a Sword" contains the best there was in Manet, because the subject was not one to excite the worst. There is no woman in it; there is no Paris in it; there is no decadence in it; therefore Manet painted at his best without a single vicious thought, and this was something he seldom did.



LE LINGE  
By Edouard Manet

At the other extreme is "Nana," in which the cleverness of the execution is obscured by the viciousness of the motive.

The ruling illusion in art and literature is that a bad thing may be well done; a bad thought well expressed, which is utterly false. The hand is so susceptible it betrays each passing fancy; the artist may force his conscience, but he cannot compel his hand.

We are so apt to be carried off our feet by dash and cleverness in technic that we confuse real greatness in art with mere facility in execution. The best painter in the world requires something more than technical facility—that he must have, of course, but in addition to that his view of life and things in general must be pure and serene. Manet's view was somewhat morbid, and at times decidedly turbid. His temperament was such he could not see things in their true relationships. Zola was his champion from the first, and he is the "Claude" in Zola's "Masterpiece"—that explains much: Manet's pictures are in a sense Zola's books on canvas.

Appreciation came late to Manet. Not until 1880 did dealers begin to buy his pictures. Faure, the singer, was a steady patron, as well as a good subject; he at one time owned thirty-five paintings. Of late years his fame has grown fast—too fast—fostered by several skillfully conducted exhibitions; but though a reaction may come and the enthusiasm of the last few years cool perceptibly, the truth will remain, Edouard Manet was a very great painter.

ARTHUR J. EDDY.



#### CURRENT EXHIBITION AT THE NEW GALLERY.

This year's exhibition of the Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers at the New Gallery in London is confined to the works of members of the society. Probably this will not be a precedent for the exclusion of outsiders' work at subsequent shows. Certainly it serves the useful purpose of illustrating the resources of a large body of artists included in the membership.

It shows how clever, how unconventional and how modern they can be when they are left to themselves. If this modernity of spirit be unduly vehement and unrestrained—and that is an obvious effect, especially when one goes to the New Gallery from the academy where Hals, Rembrandt, Reynolds and Gainsborough represent the power, imagination, distinction and grace of the old masters—it is the present day Art as practiced for workers of downright sincerity in the kingdom, on the Continent and in America.

Subject is more important than quality, style, color or charm, and generally it is something without inherent beauty or dignity and often something disagreeable and unwholesome. These modern painters, sculptors and gravers share the preference of current novelists for what is morbid and unpleasant, and, brilliant and realistic as the technique may be, old fashioned lovers of Art revert to higher and nobler themes and methods of treatment, precisely as booklovers brush aside the ephemeral fiction of the day and refresh themselves by re-reading standards and classics.

Yet the restless and penetrating modern spirit is in these works, with its own methods of observation, of stating what it perceives and of developing the resources of the subject. It deserves critical study like every other phase of modern life. The German etchings seem hard and metallic and the French paintings coarse and repellent in composition and color, but there is individuality in the Art, and it often pulsates with creative power.

These international congresses enable Art workers to find out what is going on in other countries and to broaden their style. Coarse realism like Zuloaga's "Vieux Marcheur," with its rakish old man in pursuit of two fast women is offensive in subject and without charm of composition or color, but the figures are vital and something is to be learned from the cleverness with which the paint is put on the canvas. Besnard's portrait of Mme. Jourdain involves an ingenious portrayal of lights at cross-purposes in a brilliantly painted iridescent gown, and it is worthy of study, even if the modelling of the head has been sacrificed.

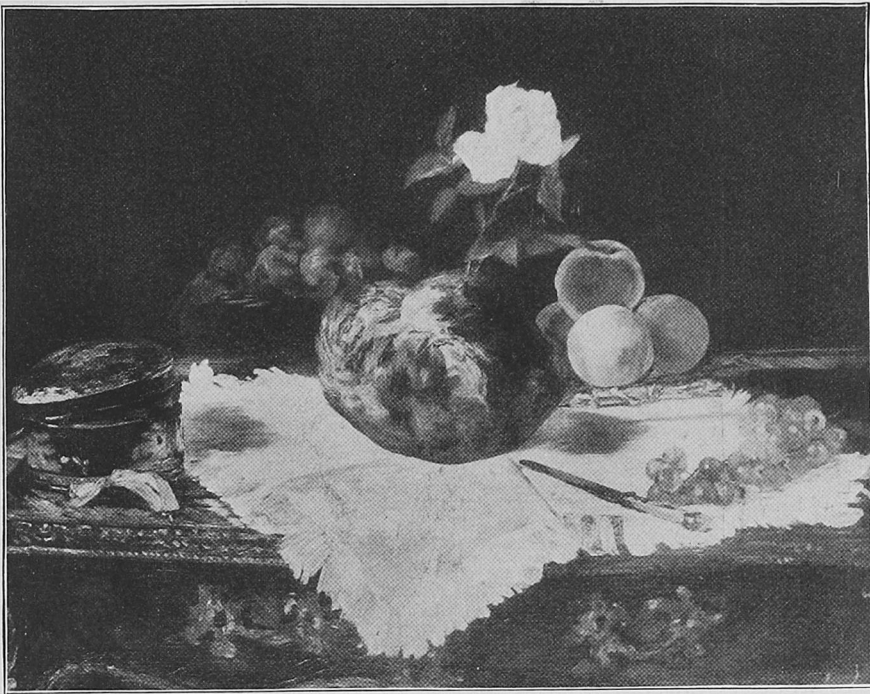


BALLET ESPAGNOL  
By Edouard Manet



LA SERRE  
By Edouard Manet

There are many other ultra-modern performances in oil, and there is a conspicuous one in the central sculpture—Lambeau's theatrical bronze, entitled "Murder." There is also much cleverness in execution without ignoble subjects or frivolity in method. There are two Boldini portraits of marked originality. There are portraits by Blanche and Aman-Jean with individuality of method, and there is an American one by Cecilia Beaux with brushwork as bold and free as Mr. Sargent's.



LE BRIOCHE  
By Edouard Manet

There is another American work of power and charm in composition and color—Gari Melchers's "Arbor"—and J. J. Shannon has a fascinating study of firelight in a family group of eight. With so fantastic a scheme of lighting, proportion and perspective baffle criticism, especially as little floor space is shown; but the grouping is delightful and the likenesses are excellent. Mrs. Shannon is finely posed in the background; Mrs. Hitchcock, with dreamy face, is close to the hearth, with two friends behind her, and in the foreground is Miss Shannon with a girlish friend.

William Nicholson is one of the boldest exhibitors, because his "Miss Alexander" challenges comparison with a famous Whistler. The work is so modern and ingenious as to be fairly humorous. He has sketched the lady primly seated on a table in a riding habit, and again in the background mounted on a fine horse, the second representation being a framed painting with glass, in which the black hat in her lap is reflected.



In this way she is painted so as to be seen on and off her horse in the same canvas. It is a marvel of ingenuity, with most effective realism in the seated figure.

John Lavery has painted a wonderful gown in a hammock, but the girl inside the clothes seems hopelessly twisted and anatomically involved, and the work is inferior to the older and simpler portrait of Miss Mary



LE BOUVEUR D'EAU  
By Edouard Manet

Morgan in another room. C. H. Shannon's "Golden Age" is an ambitious idyl with nudes and half-draped figures under trees, and, while it is decorative, it produces a feeling of disappointment, since it is so obvious that the picture ought to have been better than it is, when so much work has been expended upon it. Rickett's "Death at the Auction" is brilliantly painted, whatever may be the meaning of his allegory, and Francis Howard has been experimenting successfully with Veronese's silvery tones, and Mr. Orpen has been toying with his memories of Hogarth in painting a performing bear in a tavern yard.

Among the marines and landscape Charles Cottet's "Cote Sauvage, Bretagne," has dignity and power; M. le Sidaner's studies of Venice and Bruges have tranquil beauty; there is a good Mesdag—a twilight effect at Scheveningen; a sombre but beautiful Peppercorn—"Moonlight"; and a remarkably clever and even brilliant picture by Mr. Pryde—"View Through a Barn."

The sculpture hall contains much work of a high order. M. Rodin's bust of "Lord H. de W." springing out of a block of marble may be eccentric, but what a striking likeness he has produced in his bust of Mr. Bernard Shaw!

F. N. C.



ENFANT  
By Edouard Manet

#### FAKE SALES OF ORIENTAL RUGS.

Every means of fraud known to the business world, writes the editor of the Boston Oriental Rug Monthly, seems to be employed by some traders in oriental rugs. In all probability there is no richer field for the unscrupulous to make their living by fraudulent means.

Chief among many features of these schemes in the business of oriental rugs is the sheriff sale scheme, which has made a profound impression for many years in various parts of the country, with varying success, which is anything but honorable and manly. The sheriff sale scheme, as our readers may know, is a simple matter and is really a pretense. The way it is carried on in the oriental rug trade (so far as we have been able to trace) is in the following manner:



The rug merchant or merchants sell goods to a person, amounting to so many thousands of dollars. The time approaches for the payment as by previous agreement. The debtor fails to meet his creditor, and then within a few days he finds himself in the hands of the local sheriff.

Of course, all this is a well-laid scheme by the people who have studied all the odds and ends of their profession, but the simple-minded and innocent-hearted public, after the extended invitations, through letters and advertisements, goes in to buy oriental rugs "cheap" at their "given away" prices.

Yes! these people—the creditor, the debtor and the auctioneer—are all in collusion, their interests are combined and they stand together. In the course of many years they have studied their position well, and are quite aware of the fact that the local merchants or other associations composed of such traders cannot harm them, for "they," too, in their little way, have done or are doing something of like nature.

But for the real solution of this despicable transaction we would most earnestly appeal to the public, and implore it not to encourage and tolerate such sales at any time, or under any circumstances. Watch for the schemers; they go everywhere at short intervals. They may come to your city. They may be there now. Turn your face from them and leave them entirely alone, for in all probability you would be the real sufferer in the end. It is not possible you can win against such odds as described above, in procuring a good rug cheap. Goodness in rugs and cheapness in prices are like water and oil, they cannot combine. And as in auction sales, likewise in sheriff sales, you will be the loser.

EXCHANGE.



LA PÊCHE  
By Edouard Manet